

How and Cry after Blood & Murther:

OR AN

E L E G I E

ON

The most barbarous Murther of *Thomas Thynn, Esq;*

With some thankful Ejaculations to Heaven, for the Miraculous Escape of his Grace the Duke of *Monmouth* from the Hands of the *Bloody Ruffians*

W Hil't with hot Scent, the *Popish-Tory* Crew
A *Presbyterian* Sham-plot do pursue,
Behold a New and true Plot of their own,
Against a worthy persons Life made known.
Blood after blood for God's fresh Vengeance Calls,
Now *Monmouth's* friend a second Victim falls,
The bloody Villains Skill'd ith' Murtherous sin,
Sr. *Godfrys* Murther new Act or'e ag'in:
And now the shammers must together Plot,
To make the world think *Thynn* himself hath shot.
What was his Crime that thus they fought his Life?
Was it because deceived by a wife?
Or was't because that he was *Monmouth's* friend,
He found so fatal and so sad an end?
In former times such Murthers Scarce were Known,
Are we Barbarians or fierce *Scythians* grown?
What Impious Acts are minted in our Age?
What tragick scenes are brought upon the stage?
What e're the Heathen did we now can do,
And tho we're Christians call'd Surpass them too.
In the last end o'th' *Iron* Age we live,
A Brother won't a Brother now forgive:
But for some slight affront or weak offence,
With Sword or Pistol he is hurried hence.
These Murtherous Arts by *Jesuites* hither brought,
With their Religion they in secret taught:
For Murthers they have their Commission given,
And Killing is one Gate that leads to Heaven
We may believe it, as we do our Creed,
None but some hired Papists did this deed.
A deed so horrid barbarous and Vile,
That it will leave a blot upon our Isle,
Which will a spot for our whole Age remain,
Unless Strict Vengeance wipe away the stain.
Th' Embassador whom we *Barbarian* call,
When to his Barbarous Prince return he shall,
Amongst our Crimes with horror will relate,
This Murther Acted neer the Palace Gate,
And to his Prince Maliciously will say,
Christians can Murthers Act as well as they.
Hard was the Fate of this most worthy Man,
Whom first a wicked woman did Trepan.
And now more hard, if that he lost his Life,
By Murtherous means of his disloyal Wife.
But God that sees, and knowes the Hearts of all,
Will soon on guilty Heads let Vengeance fall.
And those black Instruments now lay'd in hold,
Shall all the Truth of this black Deed unfold.
Where Justice Runs down like an unstop'd Flood,
It soon will wash away the stains of Blood:
The Murther'd's Friends therefore on Justice cry,
And to its sacred Throne together fly;

That Vengeance may both great and small pursue,
O're take the Hirers and the hired too;
Both those who the damn'd hire for Blood receive,
And those who to be damn'd their money give:
For if strict Vengeance on such be not ta'ne,
Our Laws for Murther will be made in Vain;
So impious and so vile now Men are grown,
As never in our Age before was known;
Who can't but go or Ride the Streets in fear,
When we have *Bravo's* and *Banditti* here?
Tories who here have shown their Murtherous Skill,
And know the way as well as they to kill.
Under our *English* Cloth Men must wear Buff,
A Coat of Mail, or Armor Pistol-Proof;
For fear of some revenge from Jilting drabs,
Or else for Friendship or Religion stabs;
Poison, or Bullet, fraud, or Force they take,
Both for reveng and for Religion's sake,
Justice will Visit vwhen the Murther's past,
And overtake the Criminals at last.
And such black deeds ly open to God's sight,
Who vwill the Murtherous Plots bring forth to light,
Then vvorthy *Thynn* vve shall more surely knowv,
Who vvas thy Barbarous Bloody secret foe,
When to the Bottom of this Plot vve see,
And if the Villains only aim'd at thee.
Rest novv thy soul in peacc, vvilst our good King
Your bloody Murtherers to Justice bring,
Vvilst the Scar'd People on thy death debate,
And all thy Friends bevvail thy sudden Fate:
Vvilst the good Duke bevails vvith Tears his friend
Afflicted to behold his sudden end.
But let all Loyal Hearts to Heaven pay,
Their Thanks that *Monmouth* did no longer stay,
That Providence vvho over him takes Care
Had him diverted then from being there.
Who Knowvs vvhat bloody Ruffians did intend,
They might Perhaps have yet a further end,
Revenge might reach both to the Duke and's friend,
But Heaven vvill hear for him the Peoples prayer,
And of that Noble Prince his Life take care
That he may still secure and safely go,
And all the plots of Papists overthrow.
May Heav'n preserve the King that he may run
A Long long race, and for his sake his Son,
May the Almighty Keep the good Dukes Life
From Hellish Plots, from Popish Gun or Knife.
And let himself vvarn'd, now more vvatchful be
Left that he fall into like Jeopardie.
O Heaven preserve him from a bloody end,
And let him take a vvarning by his Friend.